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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

IN CHINA

LULLABY OF THE OUTCAST

Child, born of my weeping, sleep.
They have beaten me, and cast me out of the village—
Sleep, my own.

Your father was a merchant who passed through the
fields—

His sleeves were of silk and his hair shone in the dusk.
Sleep, my son—may you never know pain.

The blossoming wheat shelters us;
Far off, the village dogs bay to the night—
Sleep, my own.

At dawn we will set out over the plain
Toward the city of merciful strangers.

There I will bow down beside the great gate,
Begging of all who enter in;

Till they, seeing you in my arms,
Little one, little prince clothed in rags,
Must pity us with a great pity and fling us alms.

Sleep on my heart, little son—
May you never know pain.

NOON IN THE TEMPLE

Noons drop gently here, and steal on the winds away.

Ruth Tenney

Noons fall silently as flower-petals fall;
From the quiet dream-lit hills they fall
Into the court—petals of oleander falling:
Noons of today, noons of yesterday,
Fragrant noons of centuries ago—
A hush in the wind, the soft tones of a gong
Touched lightly like an ancient song
Begun and never ended. It is so
They come and rest awhile, and then are gone
Upon the wind.

Ruth Tenney

LAST SONG

I will give everything, Death,
Into your power;
Love shall pass with my breath—
(Except one hour).

I will give everything, Death,
For your white sleep;
Dreams shall pass with my breath—
(One I will keep).

Frances Morrison